THE REBELLION'S LAST DAYS

The Campaign of Grant and Sheridan Which Brought the War to an End.

Wenderful March of the Army of the James and the Important and Timely Service Rendered by an Honored Indiana General.

Not long since a number of veterans, including ex-soldiers from the East as well as the West, who were called to this city by the meeting of a veteran association, sat about a botel parlor and chatted of the war era. The conversation turned upon the most important eras and events of the war, and from that topic comment drifted to the general ignorance prevailing regarding the dates of the most important events. Said one, "The battle of Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg upon the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence have rescued from oblivion those turning events in the war, but how many of those who have grown up among veterans can give the year of the great battle in Pennsylvania in which the Contederacy reached high-water mark, and the capture of Vicksburg, which gave the Mississippi to the

Union?" "There is excuse for that," put in another; "there is very little of this in the school histories and what there is, is anything but attractive in style. A few authors have written works relative to the war which have attracted the attention of the young, and to them the country owes much, and we ought to see that these books are where they will be read."

"I thought that Gen. Lew Wallace was a little rash when he stated a year ago that there seemed to be a conspiracy to belittle and ignore the great fact of the war for the Union, referring, as he did at the time,



to the change of the design of the soldiers'

monument and the placing about the grounds statues which have no legitimate place there, but I have come to the conclusion that he was right."

The conversation drifted to the last campaign of the war, which culminated in the surrender of Lee. "But for the living veterans," questioned another, "how many would remember the dates of those twelve most important days in the life of the Nation. There should be more attention given to these matters."

go after the key to the Southside railroad. or the road itself, Lee's only source of supply. Indeed, for once General Grant got twelve hours' start of the usual rainstorm attending a movement of the Army of the Potomac. Thursday it rained, and little was done. Friday the whole country was affoat, but Lee made his last attack with a part of his infantry, and failed. Saturday, April 1, was fought the battle of Five Forks, which resulted in crushing Lee's left flank leaving his one railroad at the mercy of Sheridan. Sunday a general assault was made along ten miles of confederate lines. which were carried. That night Jeff Davis escaped from Richmond and Lee started on his retreat, which ended in surrender one week later-that is, Sunday, April 9, All the days of the week's pursuit were such days of exertion and hardship as no one can comprehend who has not been in a sharp army campaign.

Talking of these twelve great days with an Eastern officer of high command in the Army of the James, years ago, he said that one of the most active and effective officers in the two corps of that army, then under General Ord, was a Western man, namely, Brevet Major-general R. S. Foster, of Indiana, our General "Sandy" Foster, of Indianapolis, then commanding the First Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps, commanded by Major-general Gibbon, of the regular army. Those who have been reading the latest volumes of the official records of the rebellion, published by the government, will find that Brigadier-general Foster held a responsible position in Butler's army, and will learn from his brief and incisive communications to his superior officers that he was an energetic and

capable officer. Of the story of the incident which follows, not a word could be got from General Foster himself, though the writer spent several hours in interviewing him. He was prolific in general information and full of incident relative to famous officers. but no word about his personal performance could be drawn out of him. On one occasion and another, however, and from staff officers and officers in the Army of the James, the facts contained in what follows were obtained, and are here given without

Friday, April 7, Lee stopped to get breath and destroy unnecessary "impedimenta" at Farmville. It was a strong position, and he so formed his line that no one could reach a flank. So Grant's army tried to surround, but failed. At midnight, however, the enemy stole away, and his rear was scarcely in view when the Potomac army was in pursuit. Grant had already suggested to Lee that the game was up, and that he should gracefully end it by one of those famous "unconditional surrenders." Lee, while asking for terms, was really getting into condition to escape to the mountains about Lynchburg, Va. That distance from a base a small army at home could make matters very unpleasant for the Union forces. Lee knew that Sheridan's eavalry was in a way to head him off, but he cared very little for a few thousand cavalry. He had no idea that the infantry he had left at Farmville could be marche to stand across his path at Appomattox. The Army of the James was on the left of Lee's retreating army at Farmville. Saturday morning, when Lee got away from that town, the Army of the James was ordered to march on parallel roads to the left and hasten on to join Sheridan. To strike the parallel roads a detour was necessary, so that General Ord's army

must march miles more than Lee, who was taking the most direct road to Lynch-

burg, followed by the Army of the Poto-

ing his best marching, and it was so good that the corps on his rear could not get near enough to attack him and compel him to face about and light. Lee marched rapidly all day and into the night, and halted his worn-out, half-staffed men at Appomattox for a few hours and to wait for rations which Sheridan had intercepted. It is said that Lee, when told by scouts that General Ord's army was hastening on the road to Sheridan he expressed doubt, saying: "We left Ord's army at Farmville, and it is fifty miles to Sheridan—an impos-

sible distance. Meantime, Ord's Army of the James, one corps of which was headed by General Foster's division, was marching under the inspiration of the probability of heading off Lee and bagging the finest army of the Confederacy, the Army of Northern Virginia.

"Legs win this fight," was the remark of Ord to his men, as, hungry and footsore, they covered the miles. "As night approached," said a lieutenant in one of Gen. Foster's regiments, "we just crawled along in a manner which caused one to liken the column to a wounded snake. We scarcely stopped to rest a half hour for the day.

Officers urged the men to brace up and Officers urged the men to brace up, and held out the probability of the capture of

All day nothing had been heard from Sheridan, but Generals Ord and Gibbon knew that they must be so near Sheridan that he could communicate with them, so it was decided that the army should bivouc for the night. The inspector-general had rode ahead and selected the ground, and General Foster's division, leading the corps, was waiting for the next division to come up and pass him, as it would lead by the rule of marching the next day, when a staff officer came riding wildly up. He seemed surprised to fall in with the troops,

or, as it was an unknown country to federal troops, that he had fallen in with anybody. It was dark by this time. The staff officer asked if any general officer was there, and one of Gen.
Foster's aids took him to that officer. "I
have orders from General Sheridan," said
he, "to present this dispatch to the first
general officer I should meet," and he gave
the paper to General Foster. A light was
struck and the following was read: I am in front of Lee's army at Appomattox. He will attack me at daylight. If the Army of the James can be here we will bag him.

"Down the road you will find General Gibbon; take the dispatch to him," said General Foster to the staff officer. "We

Gibbon; take the dispatch to him," said
General Foster to the staff officer. "We
will march on," said he to his staff; "give
the order to brigade commanders."

The word was not long getting to the
ears of the men, who were worn out.
"March on," said one; "I'll be d—d if I
march another step to-night to put another
star on General Foster's shoulder." The
General was standing within hearing, and
in his kindly way replied to the man, who
did not know that the division commander
was so near: "Yes, my man, we are going
to march on to help Sheridan capture Lee;
aren't you going along?"

"That I am, General; the old regiment
never knew me as a straggler; but sir, I've
enough sore feet for a whole army."

And so the First Division, headed by its
commander, plodded, or rather stumbled
on in the dark, At 11 o'clock orders were
received for the men to be down in the
road until 2 o'clock, and for division commanders to proceed at that hour without
further notice. General Foster was in
front. In five minutes the column was
asleed, but General Foster and two of his
staff did not sleep. "He told us to sleep,"
said one of the staff, "but I concluded to
watch with him and a small quantity of
confiscated applejack."

At 2 o'clock promptly General Foster had
his men aroused and the painful march
was resumed. But how with the other two
divisions? They trusted to staff officers to
waken them, and, being overcome with
sleep, they did not waken at 2 o'clock, but
at 3 o'clock General Gibbon himself woke
with a start and roused the rest. "Start
the troops at once," he cried; but the staff
officers arrived at the position General
Foster had occupied to find him gone. The
others had lost an hour.

The signs of approaching day were just

others had lost an hour.

monument and the placing about the grounds statues which have no legitimate place there, but I have come to the conclusion that he was right."

The conversation drifted to the last campaign of the war, which endiminated in the surrender of Lee. "But for the living veterians," questioned another, "how many would remember the dates of those twelve most important days in the life of the Nation. There should be more attention given to these matters."

The recollection of this conversation, which was an extended one, leads one to recall the fact that during the present week will begin the twenty-eighth anniversary of that notable twelve days' campaign which practically ended the war. Will some reader name the day of the month on which that campaign began in 1856 and the date of its conclusion at Appomattox Courthousef This is no place for a full history of that series of a chievements which forever put an end to the idea of two governments on the territory occupied by the United States. It was a thoroughly planned campaign, and Lincoln and Grant, at least, knew what the end would be, barring catastrophe. It is now known that Grant was condident of the result. He knew-Lee's condition and his own resources.

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Sheridan and the army of the James in front and the Army of the Potomac in his rear and right flank, there was no way out. A flag of truce was displayed. and in the gray dawn of that Sunday morning a score of shots from a battery with Foster's division, proclaimed the death knell of the rebellion. The Twentyfifth Corps, which was a part of Ord's army that stood across Lee's path and with leveled muskets, said, "no thoroughfare" was composed of colored troops, "It didn't make surrender any easier," said a confederate officer later, "to find our way

blocked by niggers." But what might have been the result had Foster slept and reported to Sheridan an hour later after the cavalry had been driven in? That Lee's surrender might not have been made at Appomattox and the date of it might not have been April 9.

Good for All Boys.

It very often happens that a boy has to be busy with work of some kind when he really wants to read and become educated. low, this desire for education is a splendid thing in a boy. Indeed, there is nothing in the world that is any better. But it often happens that a boy is prevented by curcumstances from doing that which would seem to be the best thing for him! Here is a word of encouragement to such boys. Read all you can in the best papers and magazines. Pick up scraps of information about people and things and make them your own, so that you will remember them. Some day your knowledge, picked up little by little, will be very extensive, and you will find that you compare very favorably with boys who have had much better chances for education than yourself. Console yourself with the thought that some of the best work in the world has been done under very trying circumstances.

Not Good Cause for Discharge.

Pittsburg Dispatch. Any employer-corporate or individual-who discharges employes simply and solely because they are members of a union, is doing an act of deliberate injustice for which made good time on Saturday. He had ly in more cases than one a big penalty will have to be paid eventual-

Help Your Neighbor

And You Help Yourself

There's been a great deal of preaching on the subject, "Who is my neighbor?" Let us give you a sermon, shorter than one of DeWitt Talmage, less eloquent than one of Henry Ward Beecher.

It's a brief business sermon. Here goes:

You live in Indianapolis, are interested in the welfare of the city and its citizens. You recognize the fact that the prosperity of the community is your prosperity; ill luck to your neighbor is ill luck to you.

You like a good Cigar after breakfast, dinner and supper. Say three Cigars a day, or say only two. You are in moderate circumstances and your pleasures must not cost too much. Two Cigars a day-five-cent Cigars -that's \$36.50 a year.

With your eyes open you buy a Cigar made anywhere—a tenement-house Cigar—made in a dirty workshop by a dirty workman; a disease breeder.

Now that's wrong. Think about it. You can get a cigar made right here in Indianapolis, a better Cigar for the same money, made in a clean workshop by a neighbor who lives here with you, whose earnings are spent in this community. Whether you're lawyer, doctor, merchant, mechanic-no matter what-your prosperity and well being are bound up in his. Your interests are united. He belongs to your building association, to your lodge, to your party; his children and yours go to the same school. He pays taxes over the same counter with you and he gives to the same public purposes that you do.

Stand by your neighbor, shoulder to shoulder, in the battle of life. He makes the

APITAL CITY CIGAR

HAVANA CHESS CLUB

The BEST Five-Cent Cigars on sale; honest and clean. Buy them! Help him and help yourself! THE CAPITAL CITY and HAVANA CHESS CLUB CIGARS, manufactured by

JOHN RAUCH,

Are sold by all first-class dealers. Ask for them and insist on having them. Thus endeth our sermon.

MODERN SHYLOCKS AT WORK

Many Victims in This City of Compound

power, he applies the screw, and is only prevented from succeeding in his dastardly plot by a very strict construction of the bond upon which he depends for the accomplishment of his revenge.

The pen of a Shakspeare would be needed to picture the more acute villainy of the modern Shylock whose extortions are fully as inhuman and cruel as that of the Venetian and lack even the redeeming quality of being animated by a spirit of revenge. The modern Shylock's sole purpose being gain, his contemptible practices and ungodly extortion from the poverty-stricken wretches whom he involves in his mesh. make him a being with the attributes of a fiend incarnate. It is the fable of the spider and the fly embellished with a thousand horrors. The misery and suffering caused by the bleeding of their victims, could it be displayed in one panorama, would make a picture so terrible that it would at once Christianize the world, themselves ex-

The term Shy lock, though it has become synonymous with and expresses to every mind a grasping villainy, is shrouded in a halo of virtue when it is placed beside the term "money shark" which latter-day money sharks, like Shylock, when their deeds are brought to light, and a just construction of law is applied to their instruments of torture, the chattel mortgage, they cringe and plead for what the law they have diregarded gives.

The limits of their extortions can only be

understood by a knowledge of their illegal exactions in specific cases. Such cases could be paraded by the hundreds by any person who cared to devote the time to secure the facts. They are to be found on the records of the courts, in the shop of some poor struggling artisan or in the humble home of the honest workingman who may have been forced into the toils by inability to secure work, by sickness or by death, as is often the case. Occasionally they find a victim where one would not expect they would be successful in their extortious. A prominent attorney, in this city, once found himself involved in their mesh and paid dearly for the experience which he has since used effectively in the cause of humanity by compelling them to release other unfortunates from their grasp. When he was just entering upon his profession he was compelled to secure \$25, and not having the money in ready cash at the time, borrowed the amount from a money-lender, giving chattel security. The attorney executed his note for \$87.50, secured by mortgage on goods worth four times the amount, and received the \$25 desired. The \$12.50 over and above the amount received was claimed as fees for negotiating the loan for the third party, a fictitious person whose money was alleged to be loaned, and for the recording fee. Although this amount was several interest on the loan for thirty days, the time of the note, the attorney also agreed in the note to pay the legal rate of interest on this additional \$12.50, not one cent of which he ever received. The note was due in thirty days, but it was fourteen months before the young lawyer finally succeeded in disentangling himself from the meshes of the money lender. At the end of each month, if the note was not paid, a renewal was necessary, and for this the money lender required a new commission for ex-tending the note. At the end of the four-teen months the attorney found he had

paid for the use of the \$25 the neat little sum of \$160, and still owed 40 cents, which amount, he says, he still owes, and always

A few days ago a man came to this same attorney for advice as to whether he could Extortion on Chattel Mortgages.

Women and the Helpless Their Chief Game—
How They Caught a Young Lawyer—Specific Instances of Robbery—Gray Case.

In the "Merchant of Venice" Shakspeare has succeeded admirably in depicting the grasping villainy of a usurer. Shylock artfully conceals from Bassanio his real intent in exacting the bond for the loan of the money, but having the man once in his power, he applies the screw, and is only

for the amounts thus paid, the shark simply saying that he would credit her upon the books with the amount. In the course of a few months she had paid \$75, and the mortgage holder still claimed that she was indebted to him for \$95. She consulted an attorney, and the shark, as usual, very promptly came to time and settled without any additional payments. In all these cases the names of the lenders were withheld by the attorney because

they came to him in confidence. The rapidity with which the money lender doubles the amount of the indebtedness was clearly illustrated in a suit recently brought by James Gray against several weil-known citizens, John C. Ertel Thomas J. Sutphen and others. Ertei's office is in rooms Nos. 49 and 50 Lombard Building. In the complaint filed by Gray it was alleged that Mrs. Gray had received at different times from Ertel and Sutphen \$45. At the end of nine months she had paid them \$98, and they still held her note for \$140. They then succeeded in obtaining a confession of judgment for the amount they claimed, and were threatening to foreclose three chattel mortgages obtained from Mrs. Gray. The suit by Gray was to compel them to surrender the mortgages and vacate the judgment. His wife borrowed the money without his knowledge, and he suddenly found himself in the clutches of the money lenders, who would turn him out of house and home. The case has not yet been tried,

but has a sterling interest. Ertel is not the only usurer in the city. The Journal has collected a number of specific instances of this sort of thing for a series of articles upon this form of oppres-

Helping the Cause. Mamma-Did you put that dollar in the

contribution box to-day? Small Son-No. ma'am. Mamma-You said you wanted it for the Small Son-Yes'm; but just one dollar

wouldn't do them much good. I'm goin' te send them a whole lot of Bibles. Mamma-But how many Bibles do you expect to get for a dollar, my angelf Small Son-Ob, a good many. You see, Johnny Smart sold me his airgun for a dollar, and I'm goin' to shoot a lot of birds and stuff them, and then trade 'em for Bibles for the poor heathen.

Takes the Cake. Kate Field's Paper. When the announcement was made that Mrs. Hoke Smith's circle of first cousins numbered forty-one, the general public awarded to her the palm of multitudinous kindred. The wife of the Secretary of the Interior is quite thrown in the shade, however, by Mrs. Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio, who comes to the front with the statement that she has sixty-two first consins. In view of this fact, it is small wonder that Mrs. Johnson's name should have become synonymous with lavish hospitality or that her home is always filled with a pleasant coterie of relatives.

A Verbal Answer.

Detroit Free Press. "Can I kiss you!" he asked the Boston girl after his proposal had been accepted. "I do not know whether you can or not," she replied critically.
He hesitated a moment.

"May I kiss you?" be murmured.
"That's different," she responded, and he

COLLEGE LIFE IN INDIANA.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Although athletic sports in Hoosier colleges have neither reached the degree of perfection nor become as important a feature of college life as in the Eastern scools, yet in a discourse on college lite this phase of the subject demands our attention. One Friday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, I was standing on the street corner in front of the postoffice. Study was out of the question, and I was asking myself what I should do, when I
saw a crowd of boys coming down
the street with all the paraphernalia
necessary for a game of baseball. When
they came up I saw that our friend Will
was one of the most enthusiastic members
of this amateur club. Being invited to
join them, it did not take me long to answer
the question that I had recently asked myself. Of course I would go and witness the self. Of course I would go and witness the game and help cheer if, perchance, the boys should make a good play. When we arrived at the scene of action the team from a neighboring town was there with their following of boys to yell for them. In a few minutes the teams have come to an understanding and the players take their places. This visiting team has a good record, and it shows signs of great strength; so the college boys, as they take the field, are greeted with the college yell as a sort of stimulant. The teams prove to be well matched, and after nine spirited innings the score stands 2 to 1 in favor of the college team, and the boys who have played so well and have so bravely maintained the honor of the school are made the recipients of extravagant praise bystudents. The crowd soon breaks up, but in passing through the campus we come to the lawn tennis courts, where a game is being closely contested. The score is alternating be-

tween "duce" and "advantage in" and

"duce" and "advantage out," but by a mis-

play the server finally loses his serve.

Other players now come on the ground and the courts are kept full till supper time. In the meantime the football has been brought out and an exciting game is going on. I approach just in time to see Will make a touch down, and win the game for his side. Now, you may think that this is crowding the games in pretty close, but you must understand that these college athletic associations encourage all kinds of outdoor sports. Their members vary in their tastes, some make baseball their hobby, while others are enthusiastic football and tennis players, hence all these games are going on at the same time. These athletic associations are usually governed by an executive committee, composed of the officers of the association and four members. On joining this association the students pay an initiation fee and then a small fee each term to meet current expenses. In order to insure the association against losses the players of the several games nominate captains, who, if approved by the executive committee, assume control of their respective departments, and are responsible for all loss and breakage in their clubs. In colleges where there is no regular gymnasium these outdoor sports, with a tew classes in calisthenics, constitute the main source of exercise. This physical training, which is carried on throughout the year, is all done with a view to making Field day a success. On Monday of the week following the ball game Will comes to me and urges me entire party, so that we may spend the selected for our scientific researches is among the rocky cliffs of Laughery, a pretty stream some twelve miles distant. The railroad officials have given the students special rates for this day, and just before train time on the appointed morning I find myself in the midst of a throng of as happy lads and lasses as one could carrying baskets, not the ordinary prim, little three-pint lunch basket, but big. waist bands. When the tickets are purchased we have but little time to wait, and in a few minutes we are on board and hurrying away to our destination. The brakeman calls, "Laughery Bridge," and each one, loaded with his allowance

tionhouse the professor tells his class what they are expected to do. They now go to work on the neighboring cliff and surrounding country searching for specimens. Will and I walk along up the track together, and, for a time, work earnestly, but, in about an hour, Will says he is tired of this sort of business, and is ready for something else. This was just what I had anticipated, so I am prepared for the emergency. We are now out of the professor's sight, so, drawing forth a couple of fishing lines, I ask Will how he would like "to go angling in the placid waters of the mighty Laughery." This proposition meets his immediate and hearty approval, so by a circuitous route we come out on the banks of the creek. Having secured two slender maple poles we rig up our tackle in a jiffy, and then snugly ensconcing ourselves among the tangled roots of a giant sycamore, we give ourselves up to the delights of fishermen. We think no more of the professor and his labors until along towards noon, when we labors until along towards noon, when we discover that our tramp over the hills has exposed as to a spirited attack from that grim monster, hunger, who is already gnawing at our vitals. With great reluctance we roll up our lines, lift our string of shining beauties from the cool depths of the pool and deposit them among the damp leaves in our basket, and then, with a sigh of regret, leave this delightful spot where we have had two hours of such solid enjoyment. As we near the place where we started from in the morning we see the crowd with great difficulty making their way with the dinner baskets to the top of the cliff. On top of this cliff there is a large, shady orchard, from which can be had an excellent view of the sarrounding country. In fact, it is just the place to eat a picnic dinner. Two of the boys are sent to the nearest house for water, and while the feast is being spread a group of boys amuse themselves by shooting at a mark with a target rifle and others take this opportunity to sketch the bridge and stream below or the weather-beaten old farmhouse nestling at the foot of the hill at some distance down the valley. As soon as the water arrives the dinner is ready and the crowd is soon seated around the table, rather the tablecloth. What a merry meal it is! When at length we have stayed our hunger there is scarcely enough left of our once gorgeous layout to make it worth while to shake the tablecloth. The professor now produces his camera and takes a snap shot at us as we lounge about the improvised table, after which the dishes are hurried the basket and we scend the cliff to the railroad station, In the afternoon the professor is the only one who appears to be at all interested in geology. The most of the crowd now vote to visit the town, situated about three miles further up the railroad. Leaving our less adventurous friends at the bridge a party of us proceed to carry this plan into execution. Upon reaching the town the girls, now thoroughly tired out, are glad to remain at the hotel; but the boys go out to the fair grounds to witness a game of baseball. About a half hour before train time we return to the hotel, and, having "spruced up" a bit, we call for the girls and go over to the depot to wait for the train. While waiting we congratulate ourselves on the success of our project and laugh to think how we will poke fun at those of our companions who had to sit around that lonely old bridge all day. But there is the whistle of our train! And soon we are speeding away toward home. At the to accompany his class on a geologizing ex- | first stop the rest of the excursionists come cursion, arranged to take place the next | on board. As a matter of course we at once Saturday. Dinner is to be provided for the | go into ecstacies over our delightful trip to the town and the many interesting whole day in the country. The place | things we saw there, and we express our sympathy for our less fortunate fellows, who, we doubt not, have employed the whole afternoon in watching the mud-turtles, or in some such exciting pastime. Hence, we are rather taken aback when they inform us that they hired a farmer to take them to "Gordon's Leap," a place of considerable historic interest. While we wish to mingle with. In addition to their | are still comparing notes on our down in our college town. straggling crowd that climbs the prosperous looking baskets, with swelling | steep main street is in strange contrast to the jaunty crew that tripped so lightly over these same cobblestones only this morning. How delicious is the tea that mother Conrey brews for us this night at supper. Surely we have never before appreciated the luxury of a downy feather bed. As we of baskets and sporting goods, hastens off and the train rushes on, leaving the professor and his now unruly crowd of students alone on the banks of Laughery.

After stowing the baskets away in the sta-